kaboom!™

OVER THE GARDEN WALL™

#1 of 4

JIM CAMPBELL

10 TEN YEARS BOOM! STUDIOS

OVER THE GARDEN WALL™

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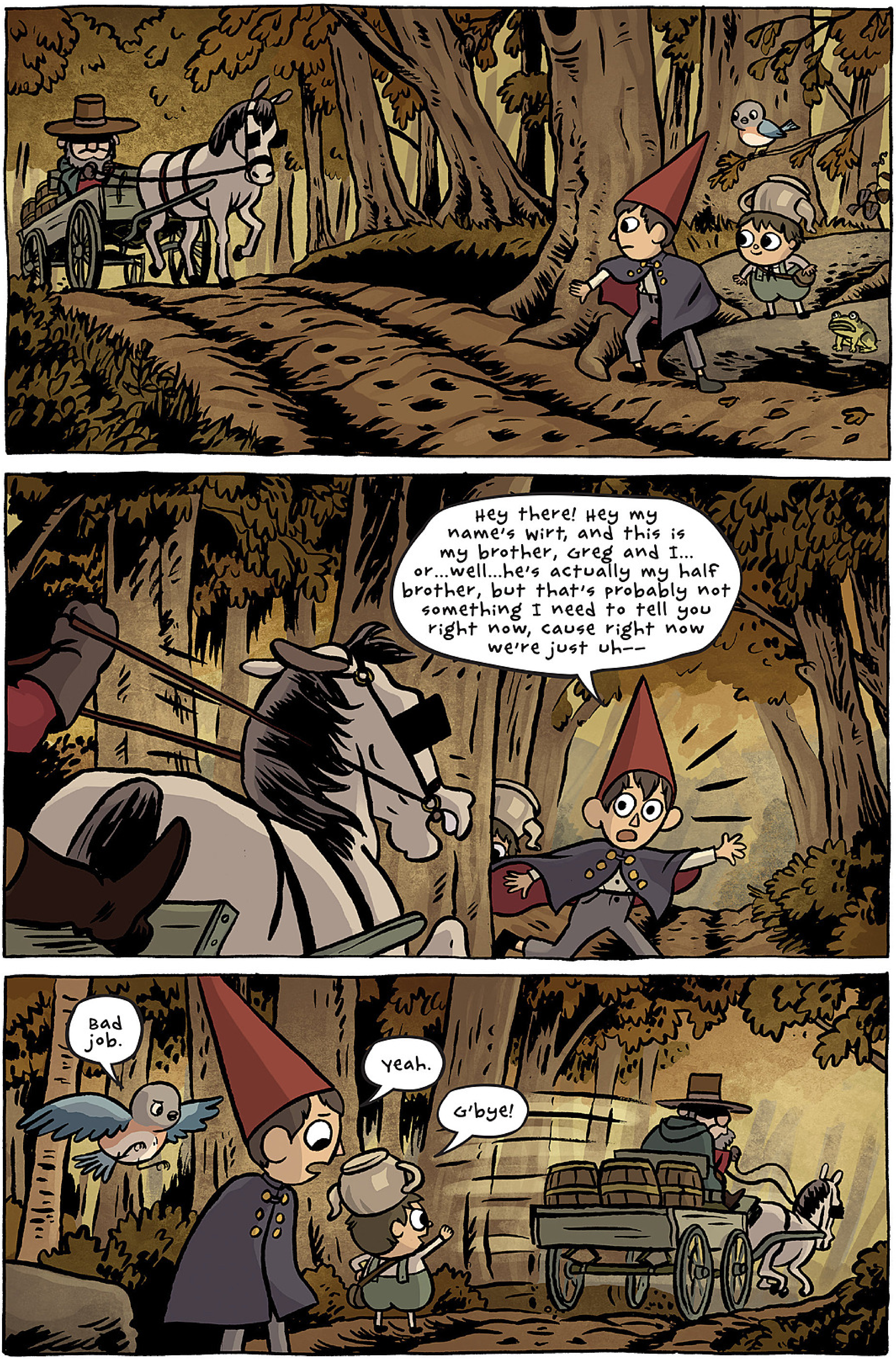
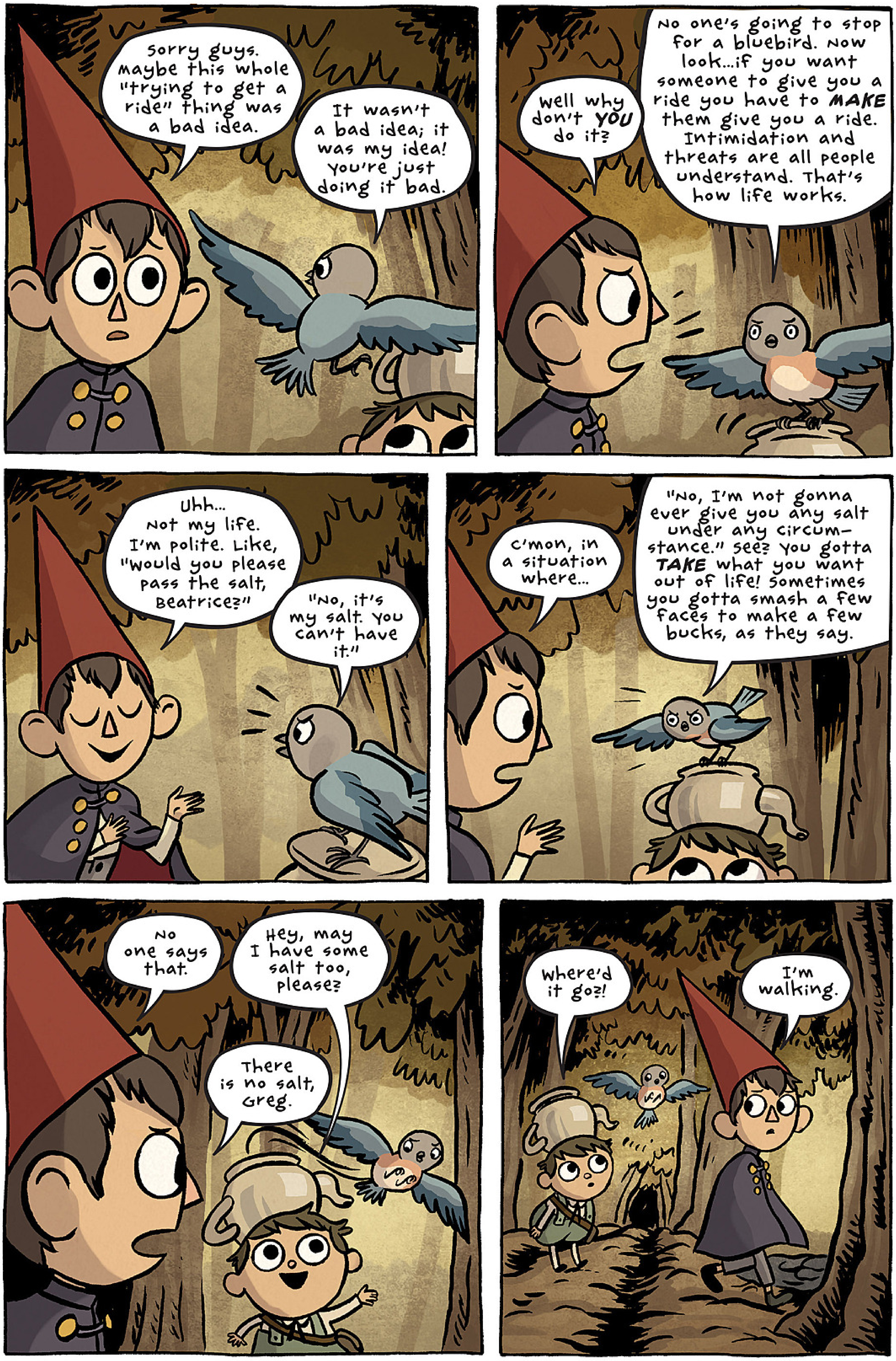
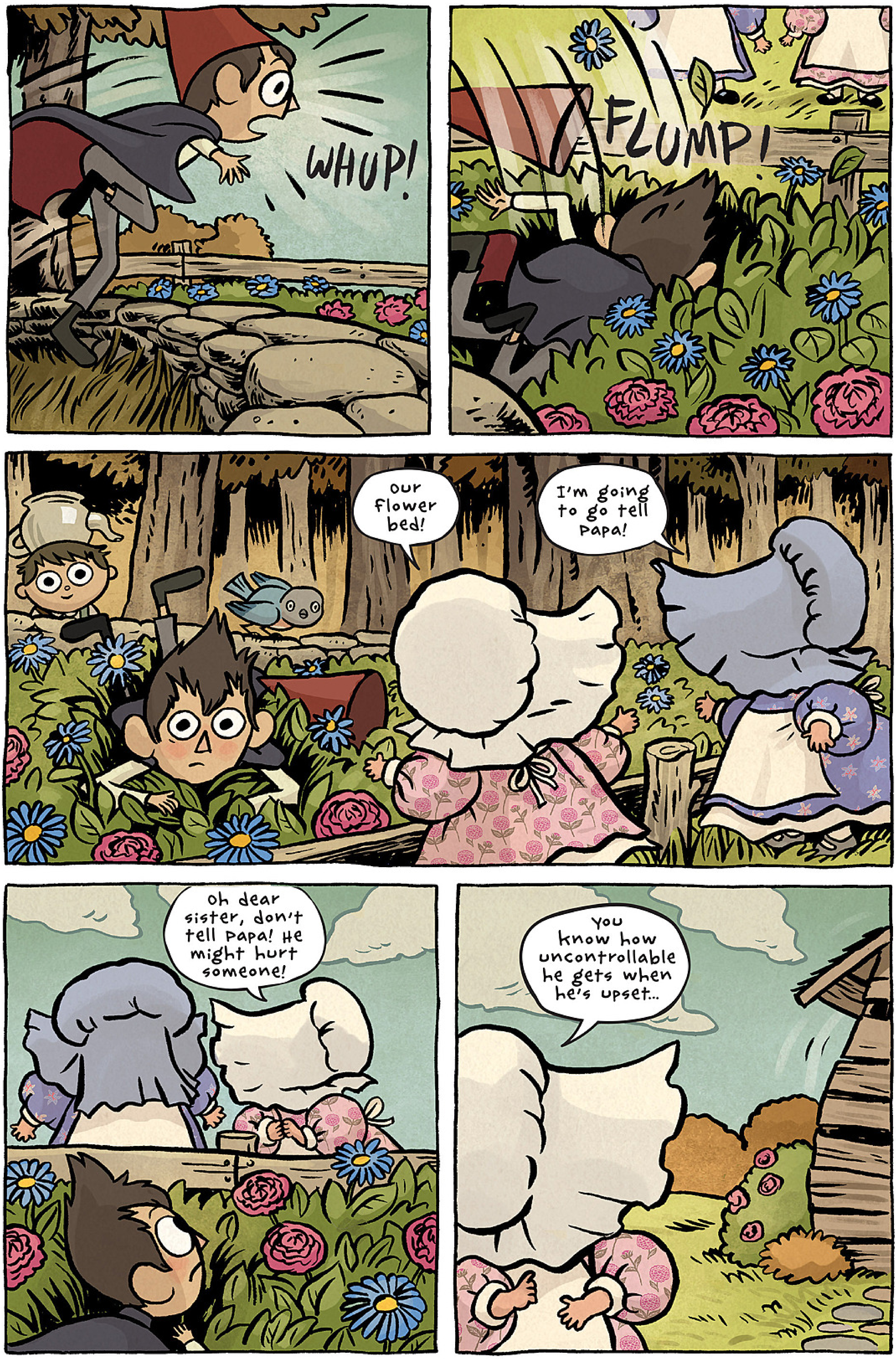
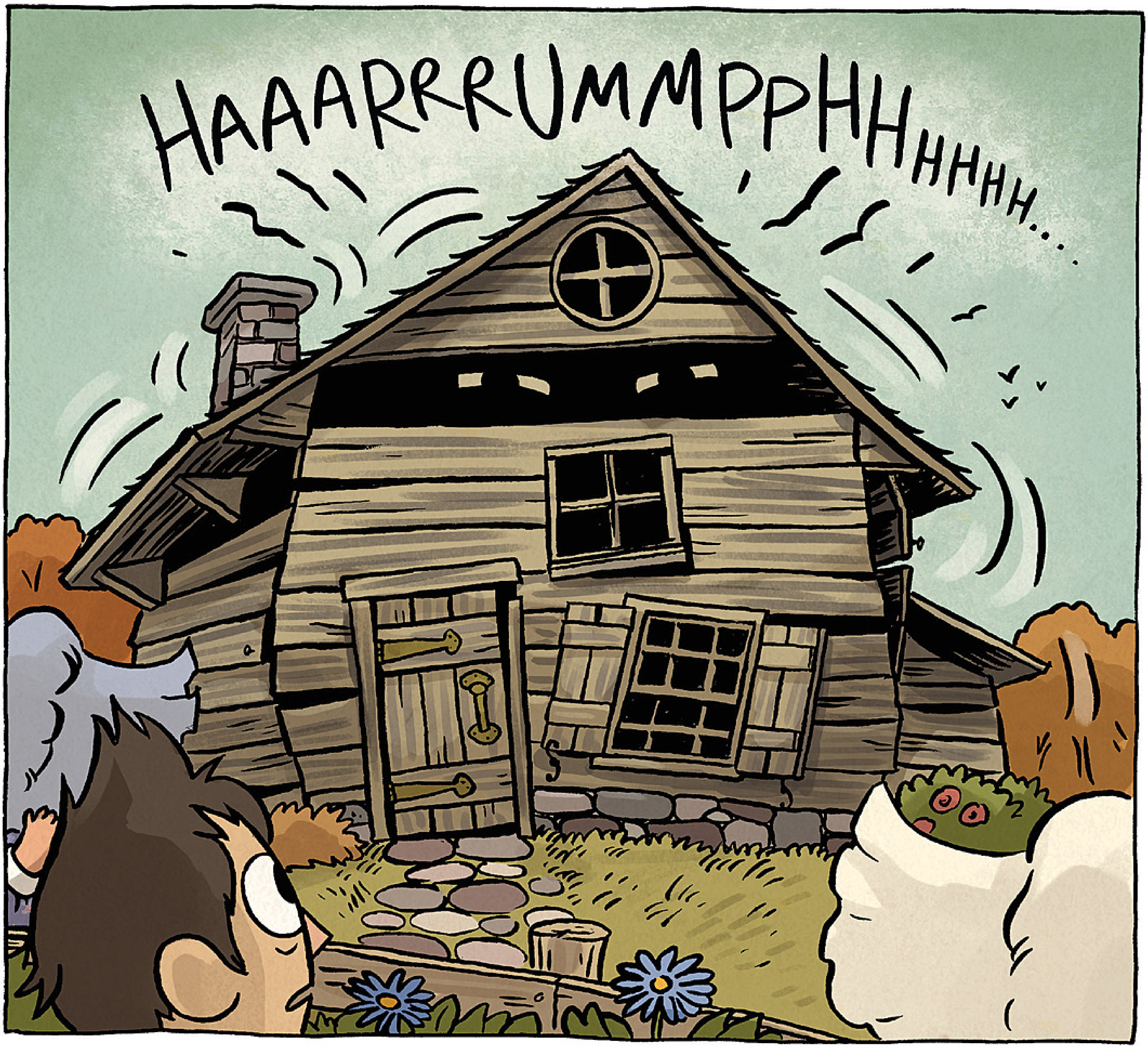
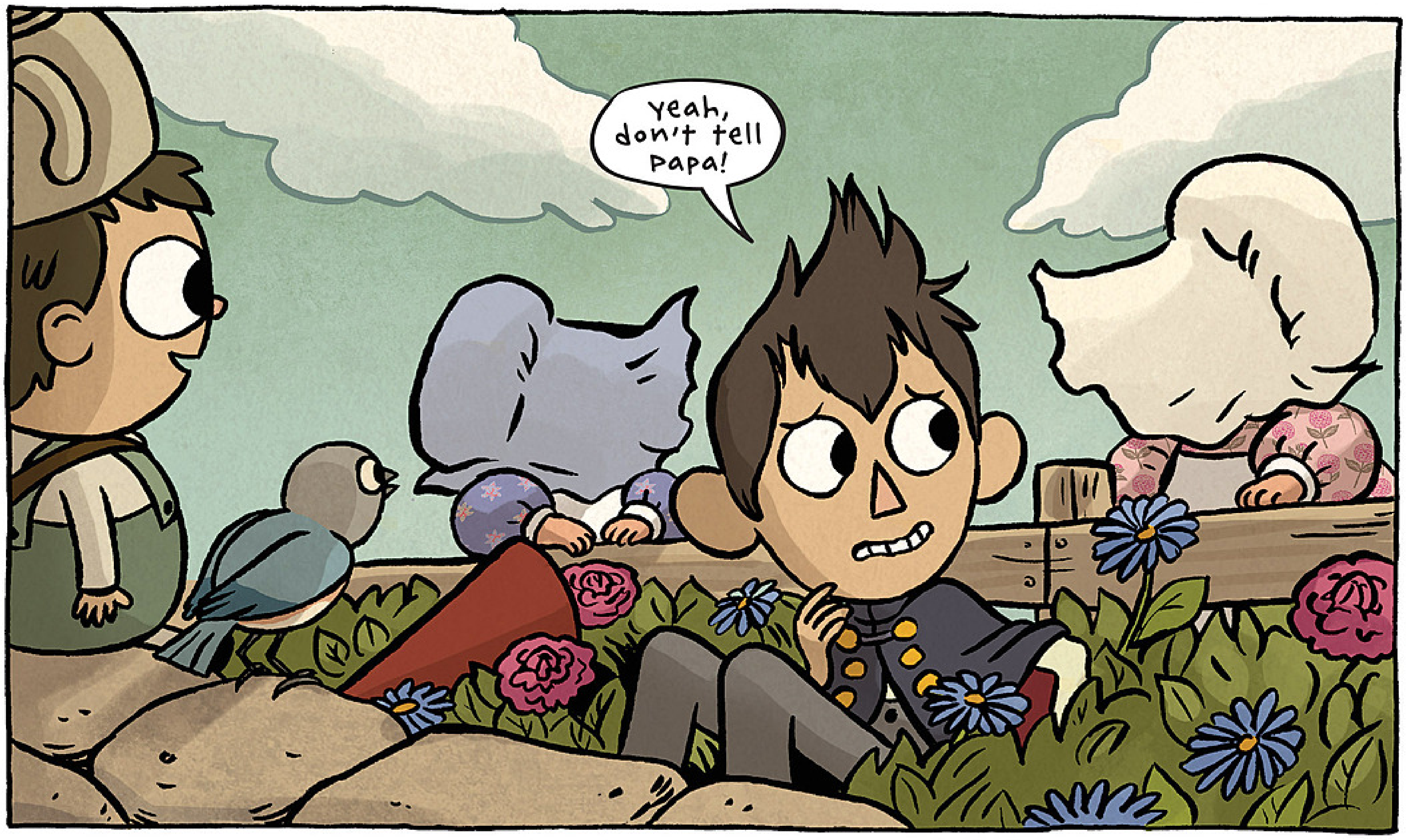
CN CARTOON NETWORK.

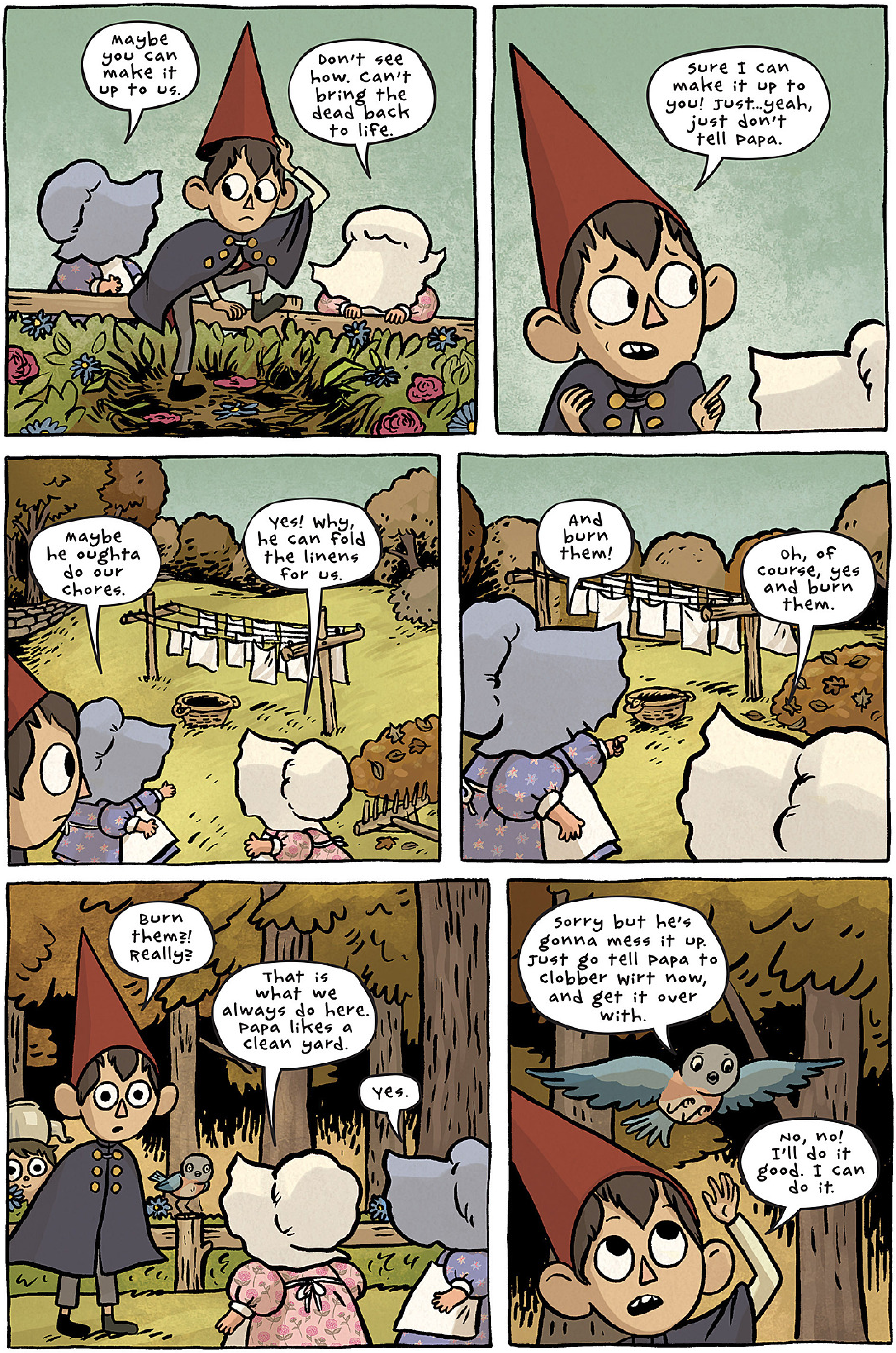

Hey there! Hey my name's Wirt, and this is my brother, Greg and I... or...well...he's actually my half brother, but that's probably not something I need to tell you right now, cause right now we're just uh--
Bad job.
Yeah.
G'bye!

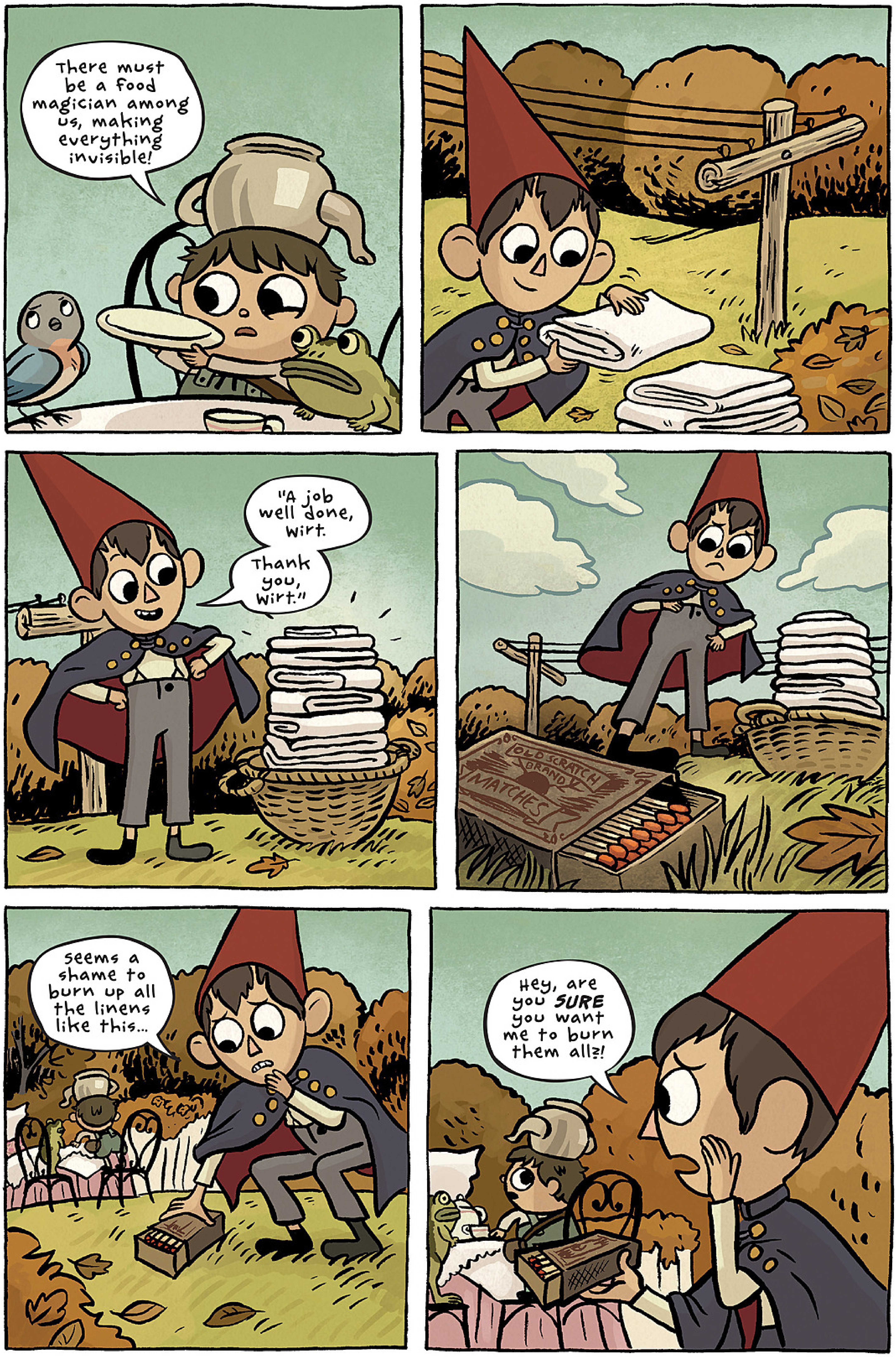

Sorry guys. Maybe this whole "trying to get a ride" thing was a bad idea.
It wasn't a bad idea; it was my idea! You're just doing it bad.
Well why don't YOU do it?
No one's going to stop for a bluebird. Now look...if you want someone to give you a ride you have to MAKE them give you a ride. Intimidation and threats are all people understand. That's how life works.
Uhh... Not my life. I'm polite. Like, "Would you please pass the salt, Beatrice?"
"No, it's my salt. You can't have it."
C'mon, in a situation where...
"No, I'm not gonna ever give you any salt under any circumstance." See? You gotta TAKE what you want out of life! Sometimes you gotta smash a few faces to make a few bucks, as they say.
No one says that.
Hey, may I have some salt too, please?
There is no salt, Greg.
Where'd it go?!
I'm walking.

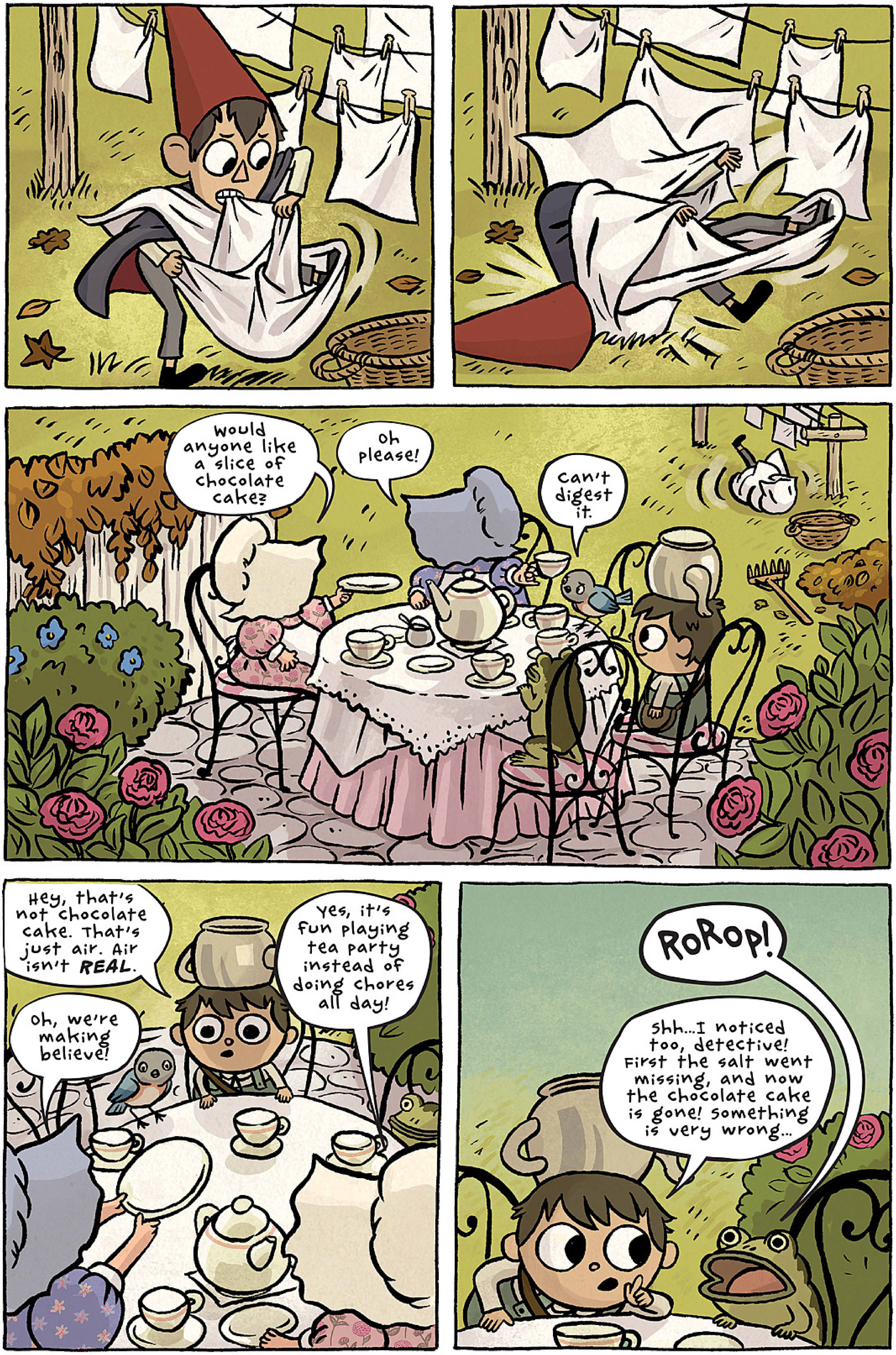

WHUP!
FLUMP!
Our flower bed!
I'm going to go tell Papa!
Oh dear sister, don't tell Papa! He might hurt someone!
You know how uncontrollable he gets when he's upset...

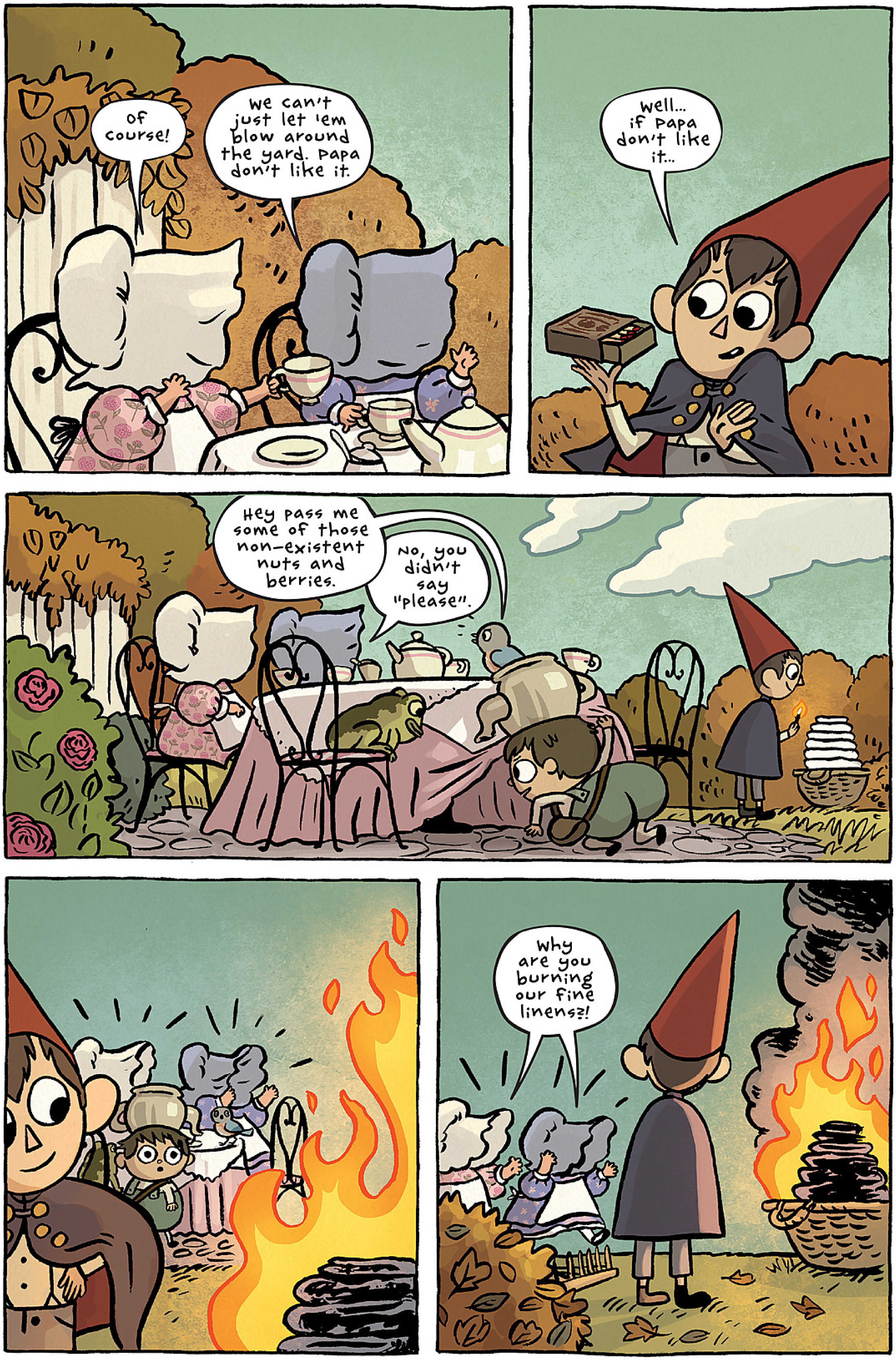

HAAARRRUMMPPHHhhhh....

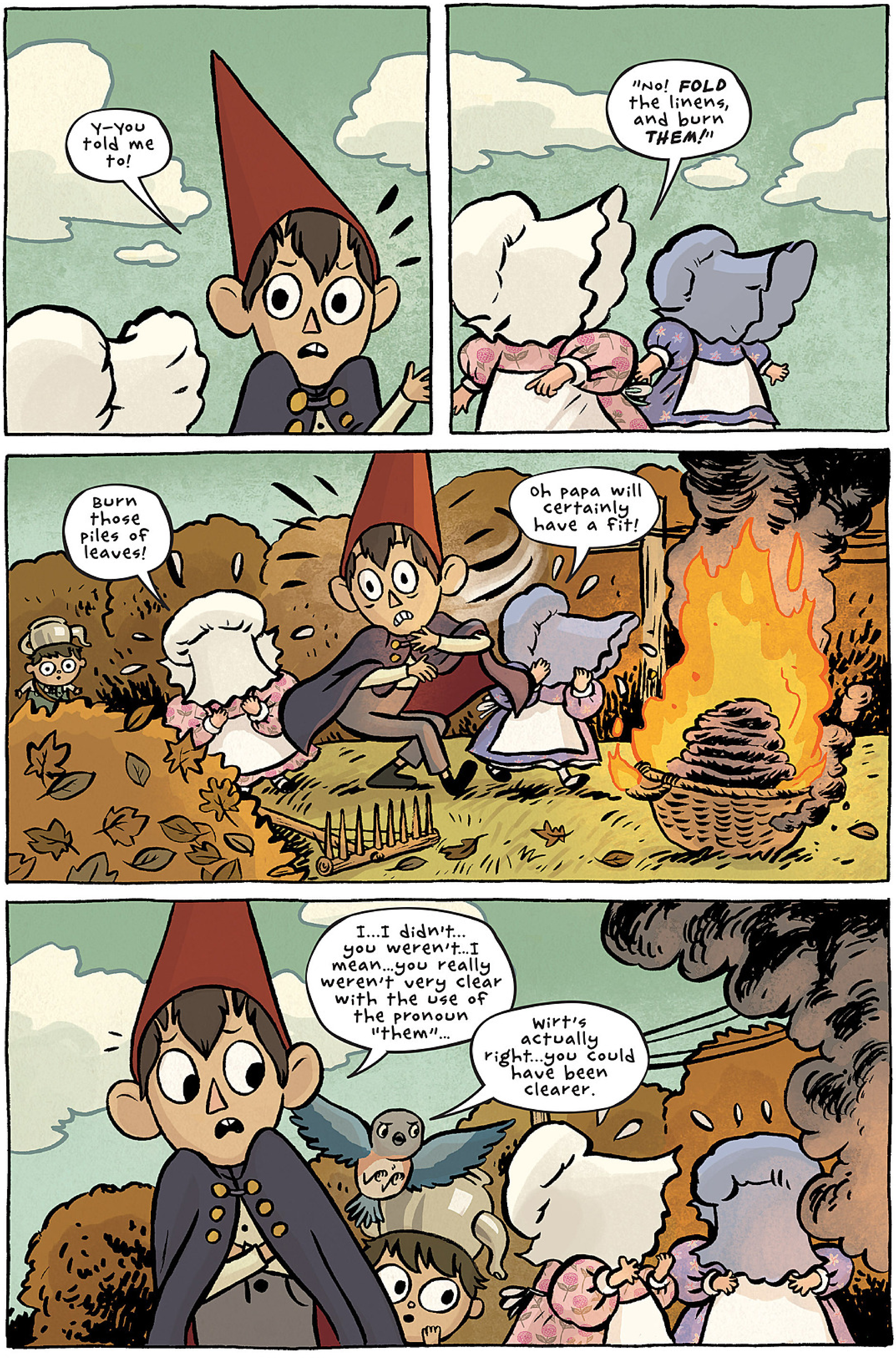

Yeah, don't tell Papa!

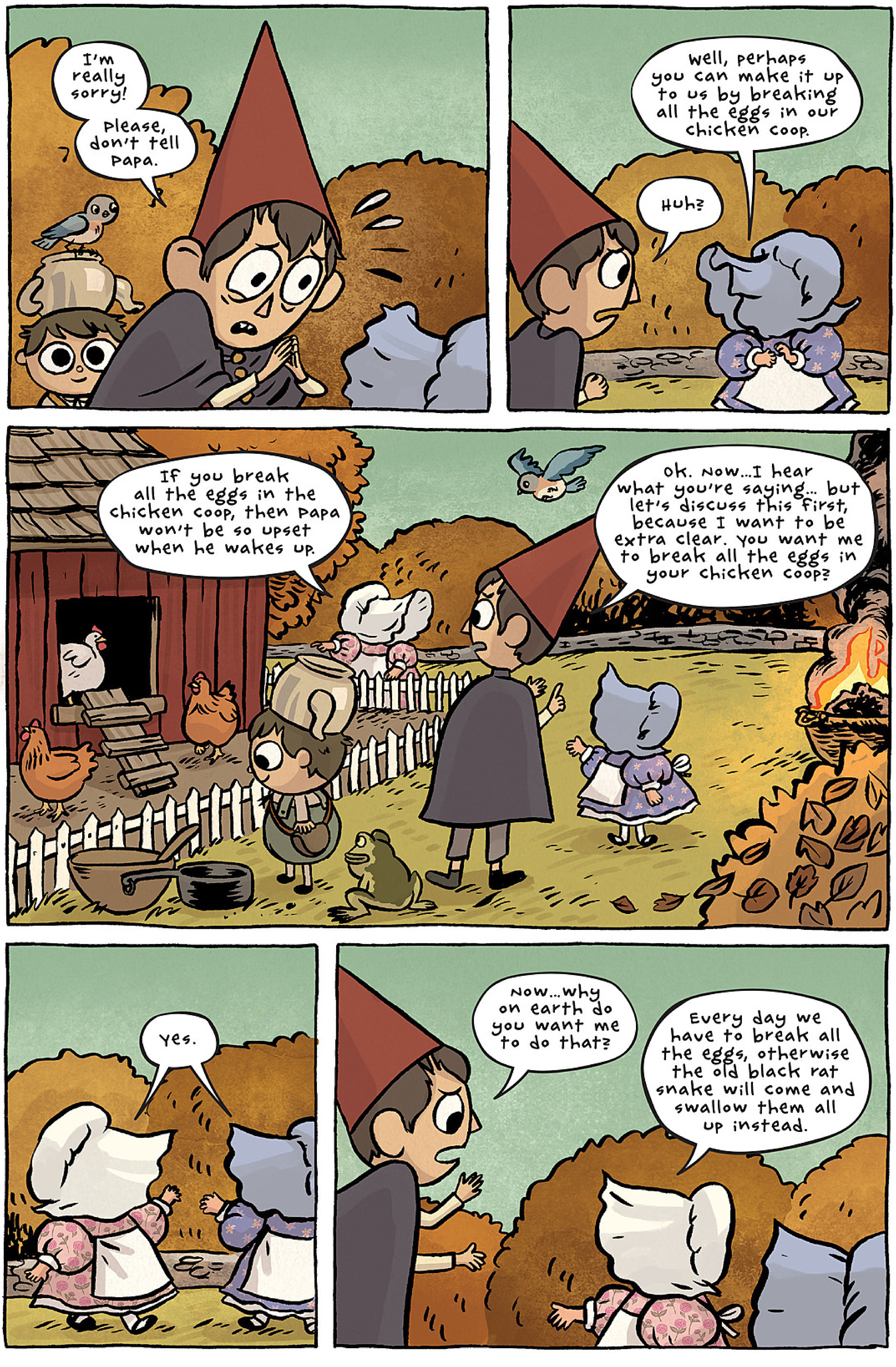

Maybe you can make it up to us.
Don't see how. Can't bring the dead back to life.
Sure I can make it up to you! Just...yeah, just don't tell Papa.
Maybe he oughta do our chores.
Yes! Why, he can fold the linens for us.
And burn them!
Oh, of course, yes and burn them.
Burn them?! Really?
That is what we always do here. Papa likes a clean yard.
Yes.
Sorry but he's gonna mess it up. Just go tell Papa to clobber Wirt now, and get it over with.
No, no! I'll do it good. I can do it.

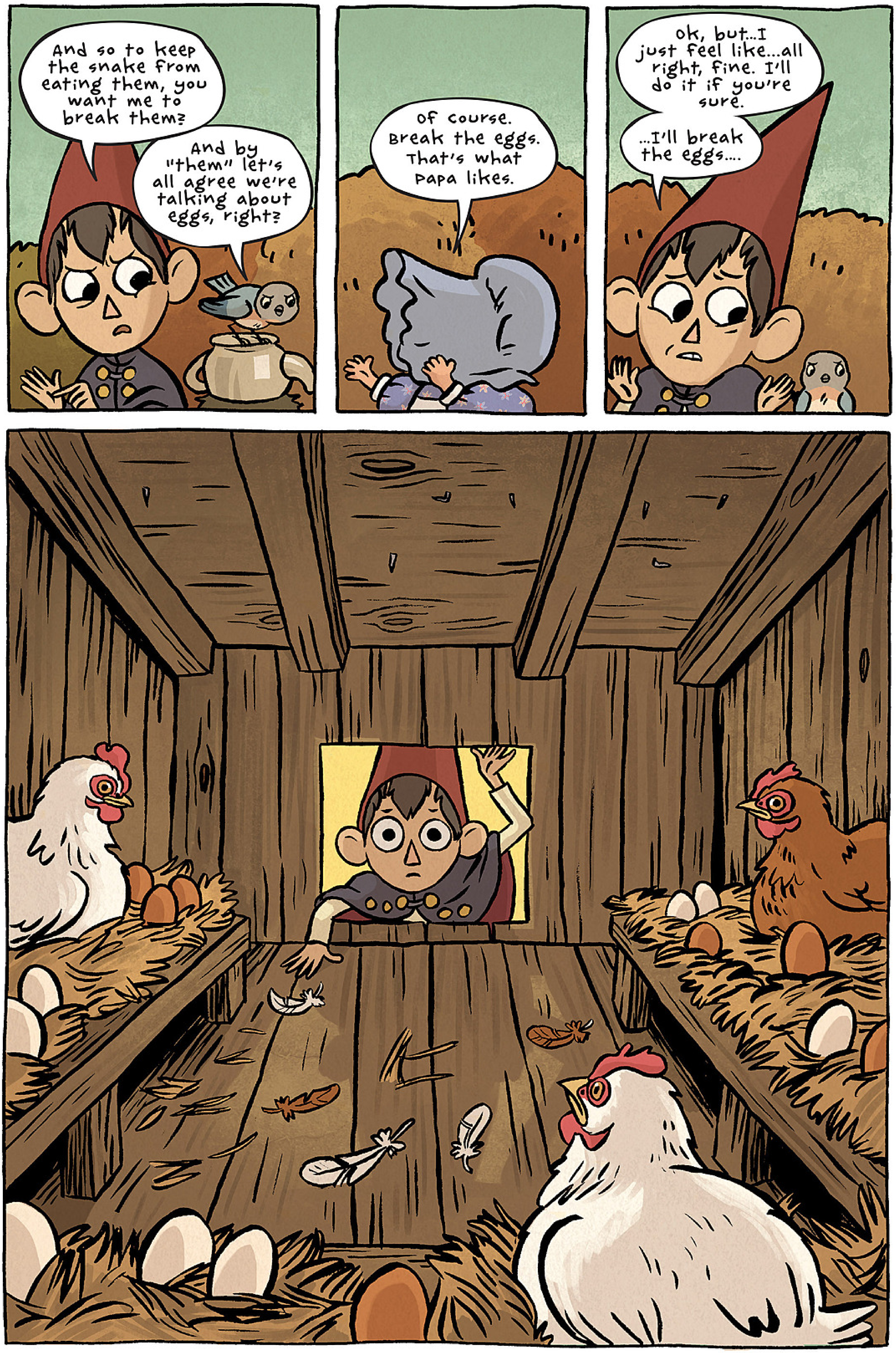

There must be a food magician among us, making everything invisible!
"A job well done, Wirt.
Thank you, Wirt."
OLD SCRATCH BRAND MATCHES
Seems a shame to burn up all the linens like this...
Hey, are you **SURE** you want me to burn them all?!

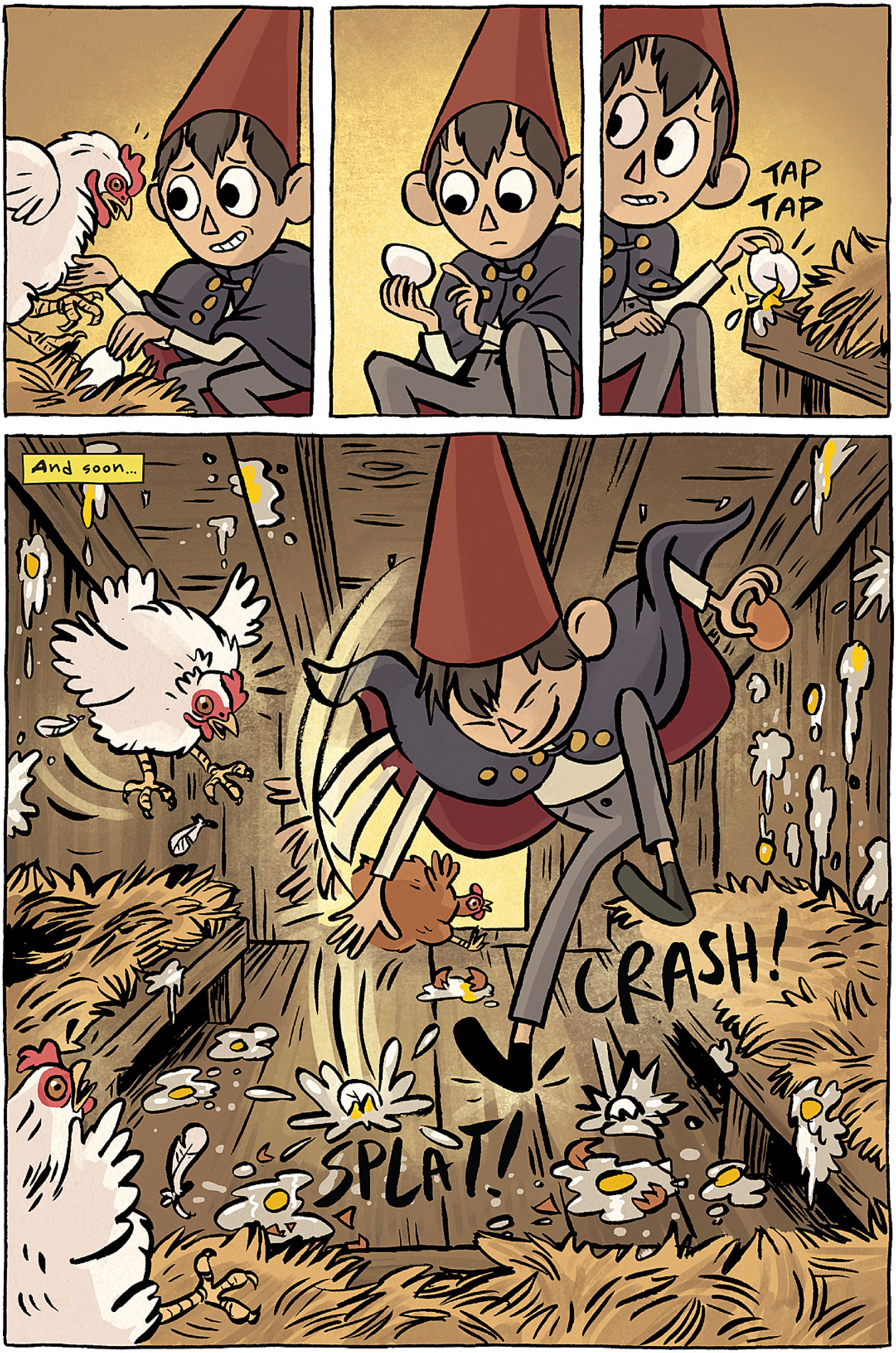

Would anyone like a slice of chocolate cake?
Oh please!
Can't digest it.
Hey, that's not chocolate cake. That's just air. Air isn't **REAL**.
Oh, we're making believe!
Yes, it's fun playing tea party instead of doing chores all day!
RoRop!
Shh...I noticed too, detective! First the salt went missing, and now the chocolate cake is gone! Something is very wrong...

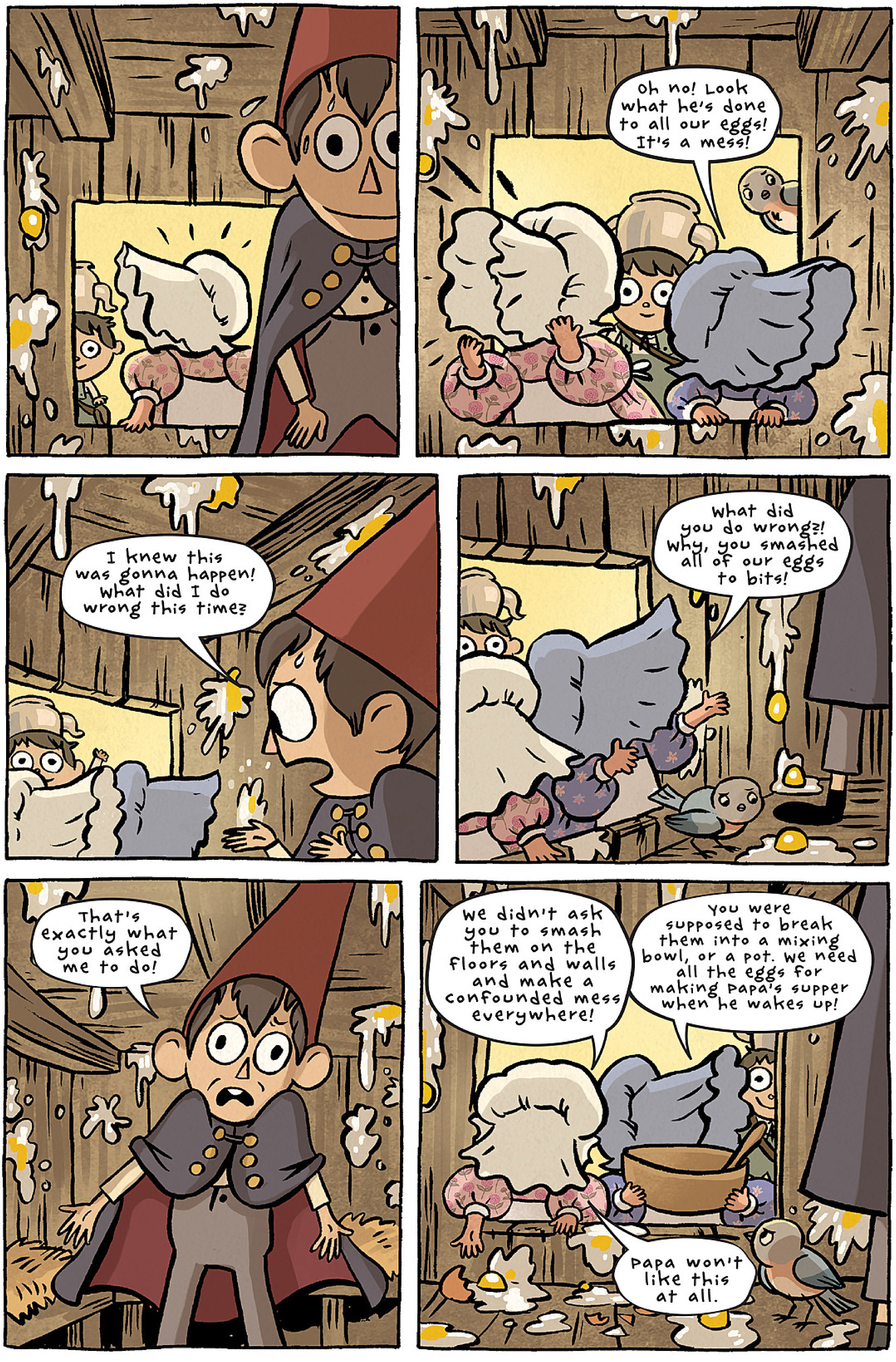

Of course!
We can't just let 'em blow around the yard. Papa don't like it.
Well... if Papa don't like it...
Hey pass me some of those non-existent nuts and berries.
No, you didn't say "please".
Why are you burning our fine linens?!

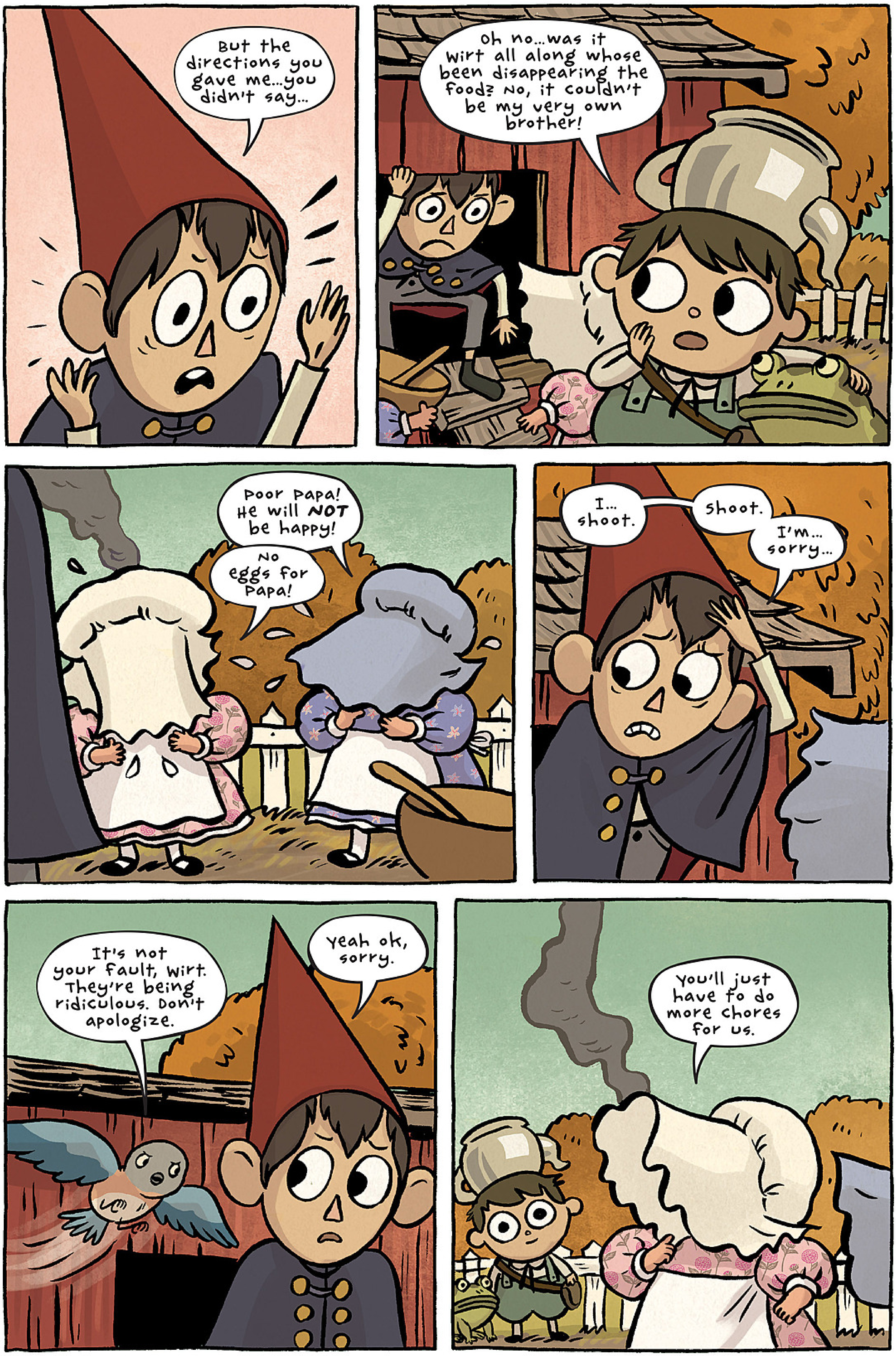

Y-You told me to!
"No! **FOLD** the linens, and burn ***THEM!***"
Burn those piles of leaves!
Oh papa will certainly have a fit!
I...I didn't... you weren't...I mean...you really weren't very clear with the use of the pronoun "them"...
Wirt's actually right...you could have been clearer.

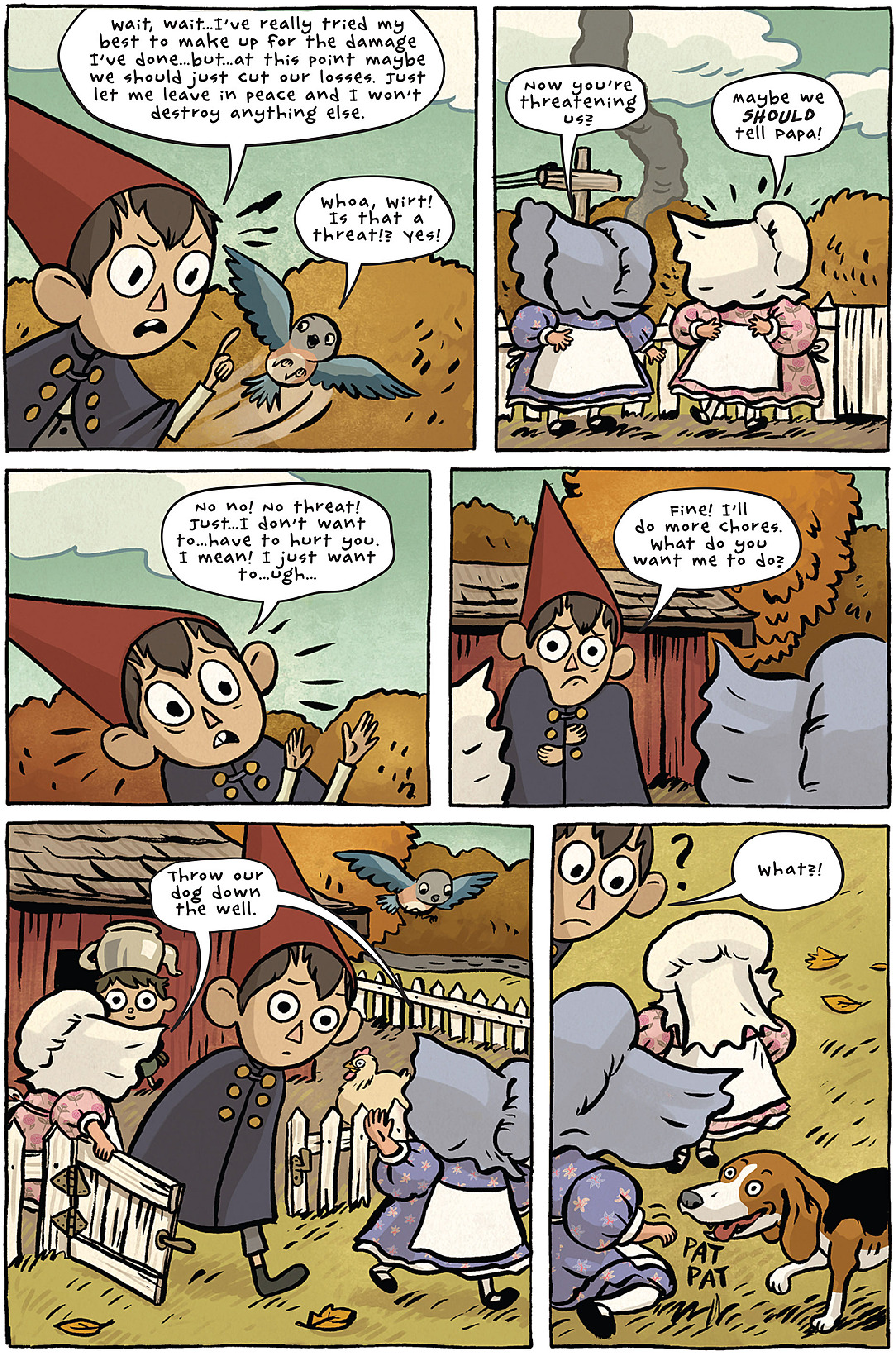

I'm really sorry!
Please, don't tell Papa.
Well, perhaps you can make it up to us by breaking all the eggs in our chicken coop.
Huh?
If you break all the eggs in the chicken coop, then Papa won't be so upset when he wakes up.
Ok. Now...I hear what you're saying... but let's discuss this first, because I want to be extra clear. You want me to break all the eggs in your chicken coop?
Yes.
Now...why on earth do you want me to do that?
Every day we have to break all the eggs, otherwise the old black rat snake will come and swallow them all up instead.

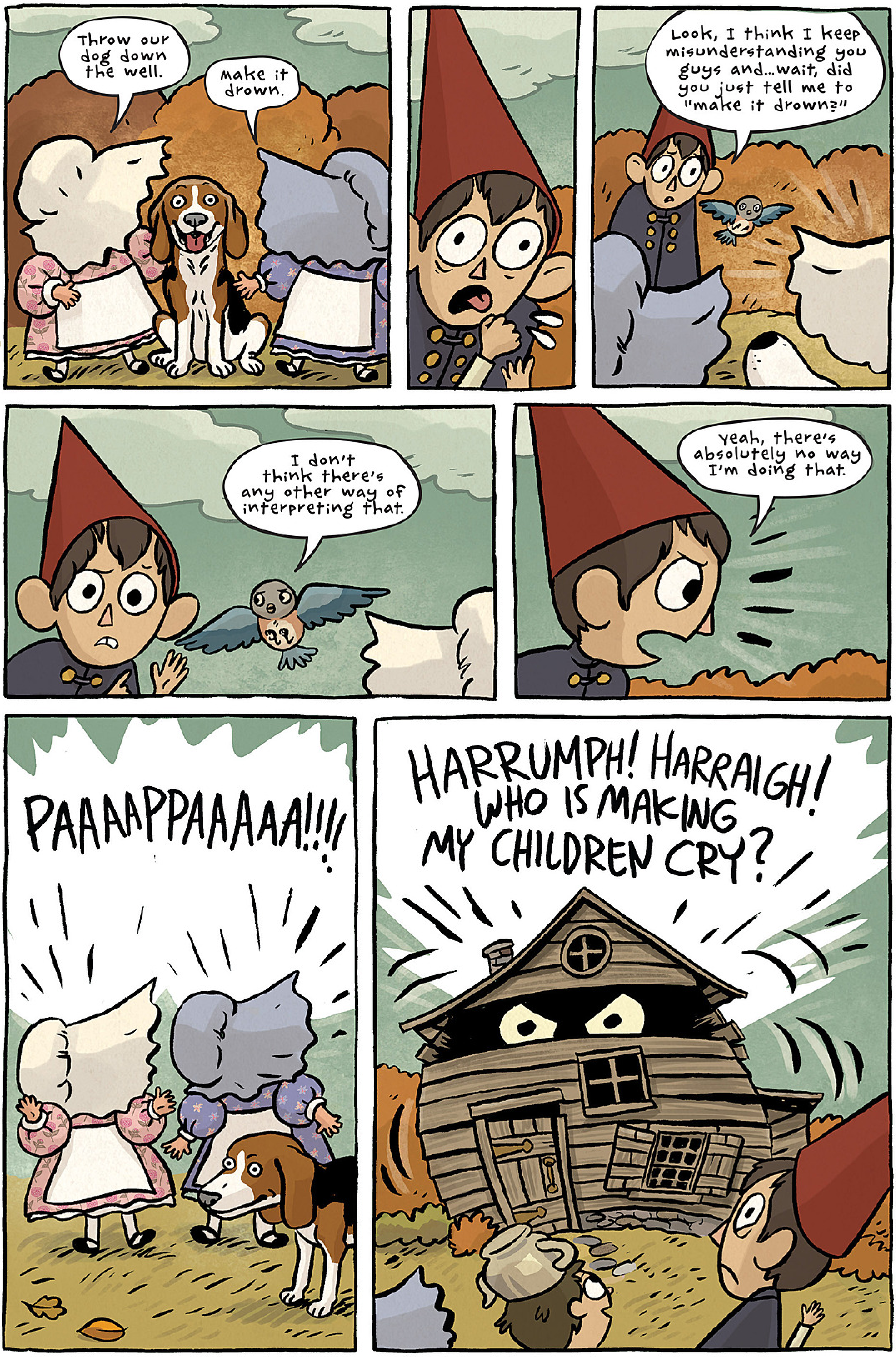

And so to keep the snake from eating them, you want me to break them?
And by "them" let's all agree we're talking about eggs, right?
Of course. Break the eggs. That's what Papa likes.
Ok, but...I just feel like...all right, fine. I'll do it if you're sure.
...I'll break the eggs....

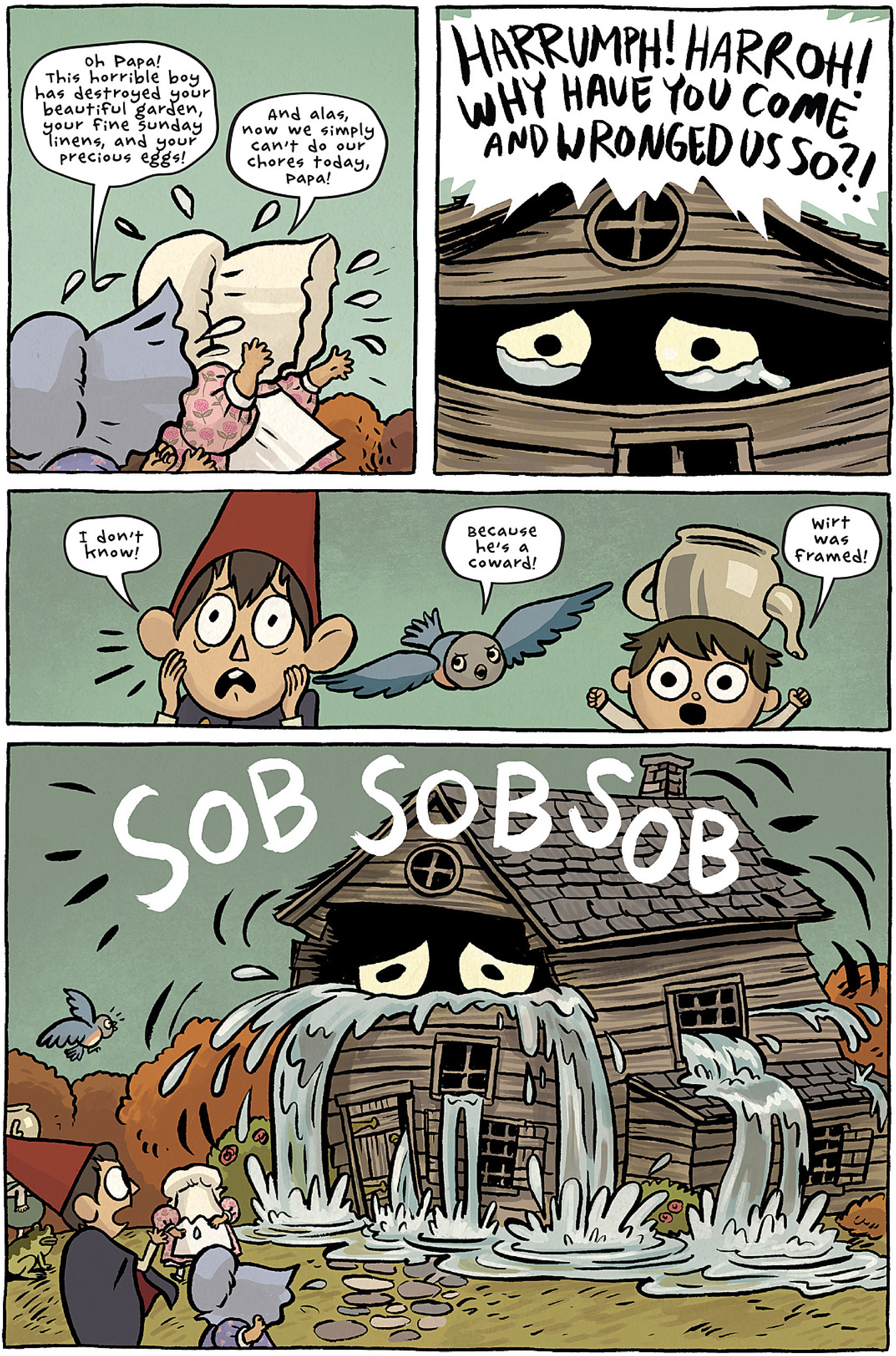

TAP
TAP
And soon...
CRASH!
SPLAT!

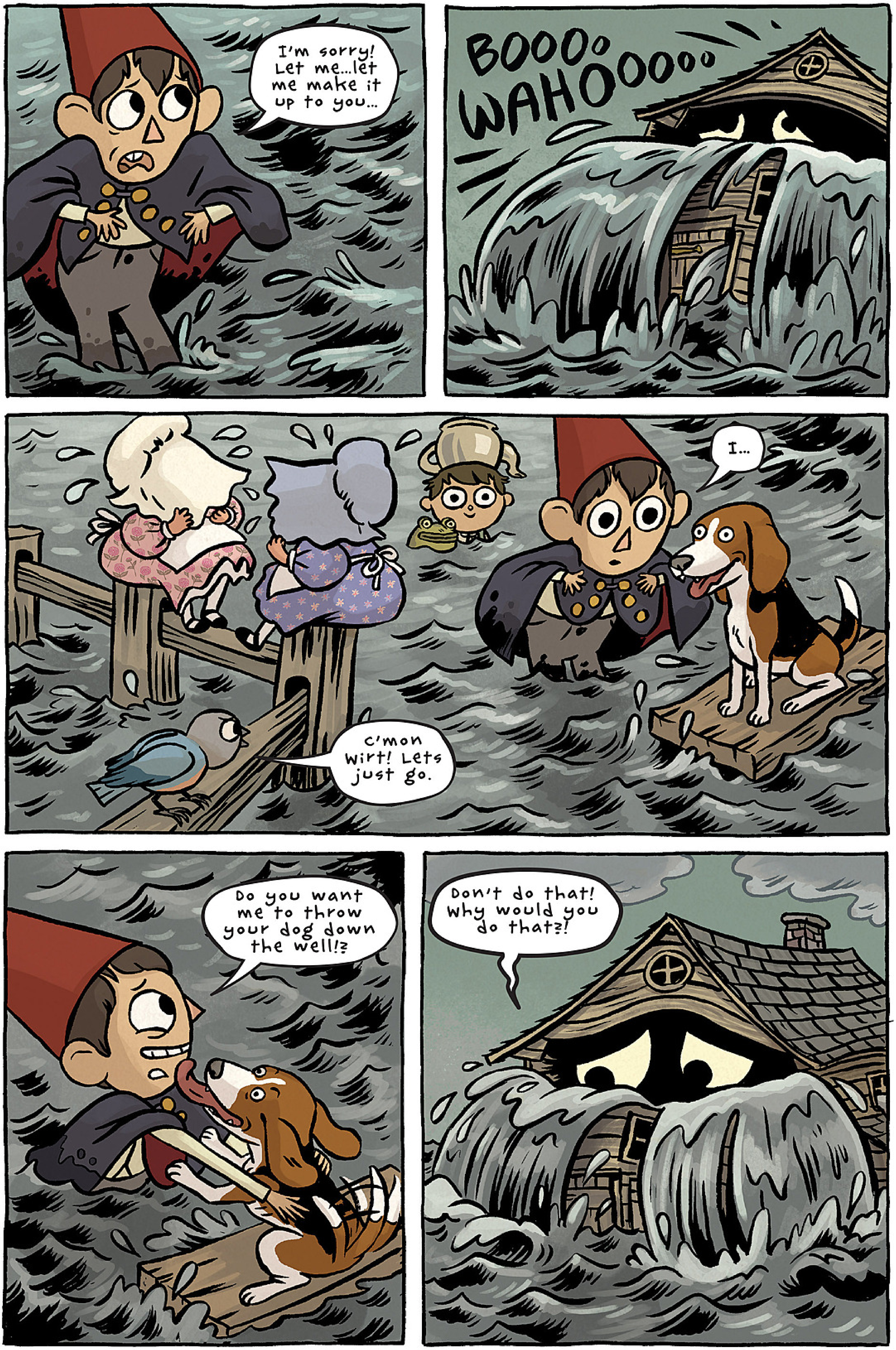

Oh no! Look what he's done to all our eggs! It's a mess!
I knew this was gonna happen! What did I do wrong this time?
What did you do wrong?! Why, you smashed all of our eggs to bits!
That's exactly what you asked me to do!
We didn't ask you to smash them on the floors and walls and make a confounded mess everywhere!
You were supposed to break them into a mixing bowl, or a pot. We need all the eggs for making Papa's supper when he wakes up!
Papa won't like this at all.

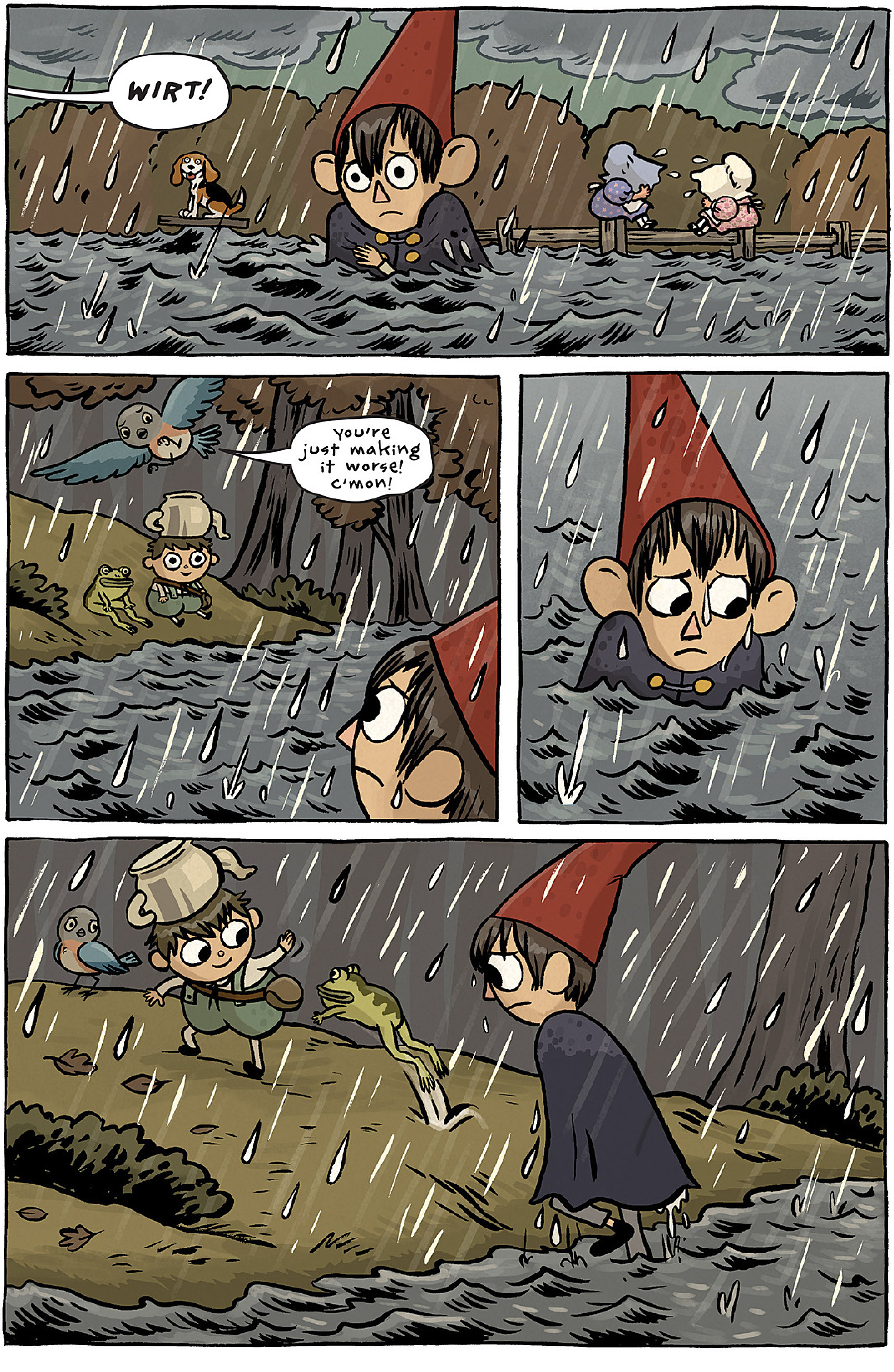

But the directions you gave me...you didn't say...
Oh no...was it Wirt all along whose been disappearing the food? No, it couldn't be my very own brother!
Poor Papa! He will **NOT** be happy!
No eggs for Papa!
I... shoot.
Shoot.
I'm... sorry...
It's not your fault, Wirt. They're being ridiculous. Don't apologize.
Yeah ok, sorry.
You'll just have to do more chores for us.

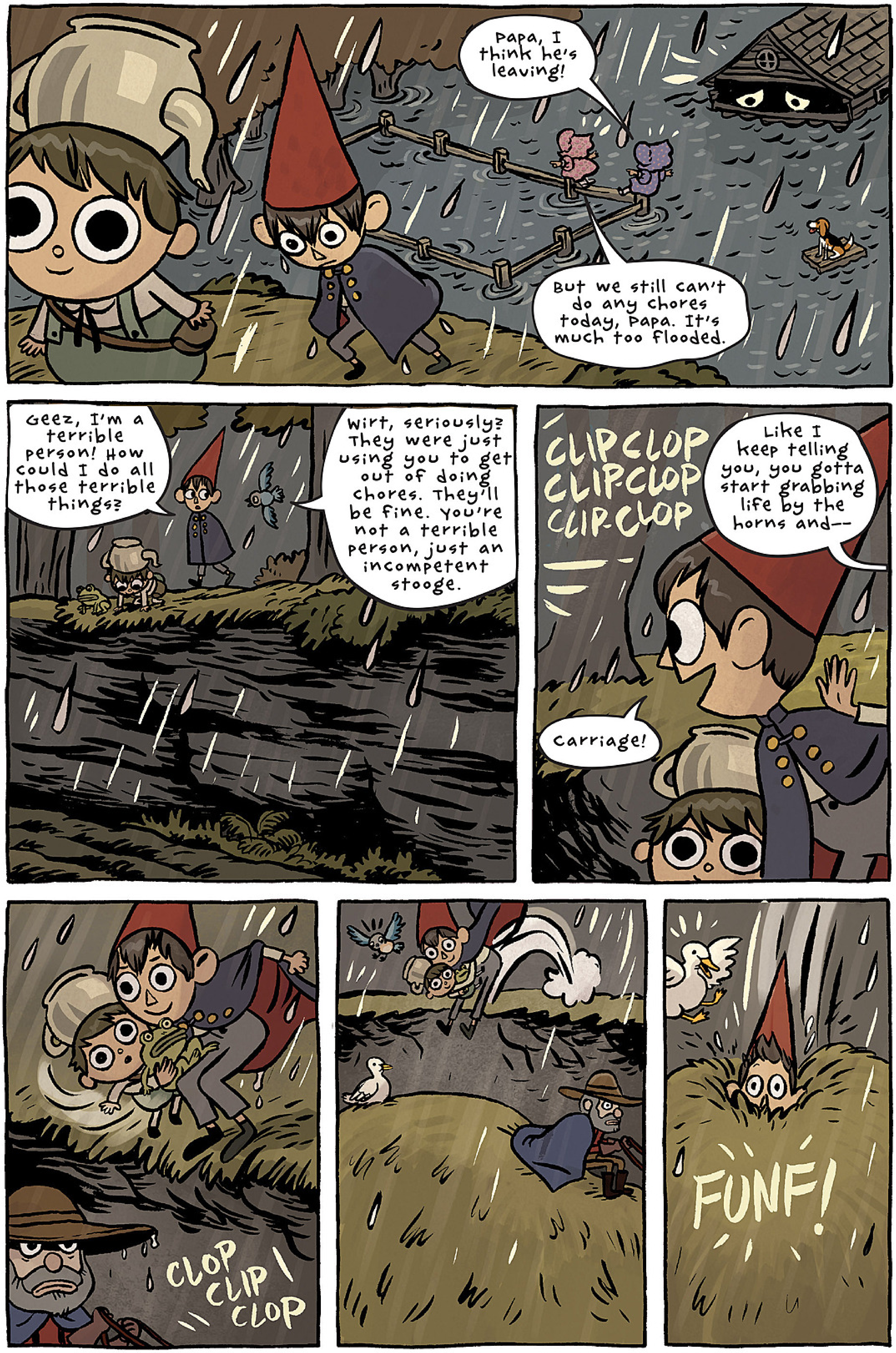

Wait, wait...I've really tried my best to make up for the damage I've done...but...at this point maybe we should just cut our losses. Just let me leave in peace and I won't destroy anything else.
Whoa, Wirt! Is that a threat!? Yes!
Now you're threatening us?
Maybe we SHOULD tell Papa!
No no! No threat! Just...I don't want to...have to hurt you. I mean! I just want to...ugh...
Fine! I'll do more chores. What do you want me to do?
Throw our dog down the well.
?
What?!
PAT PAT

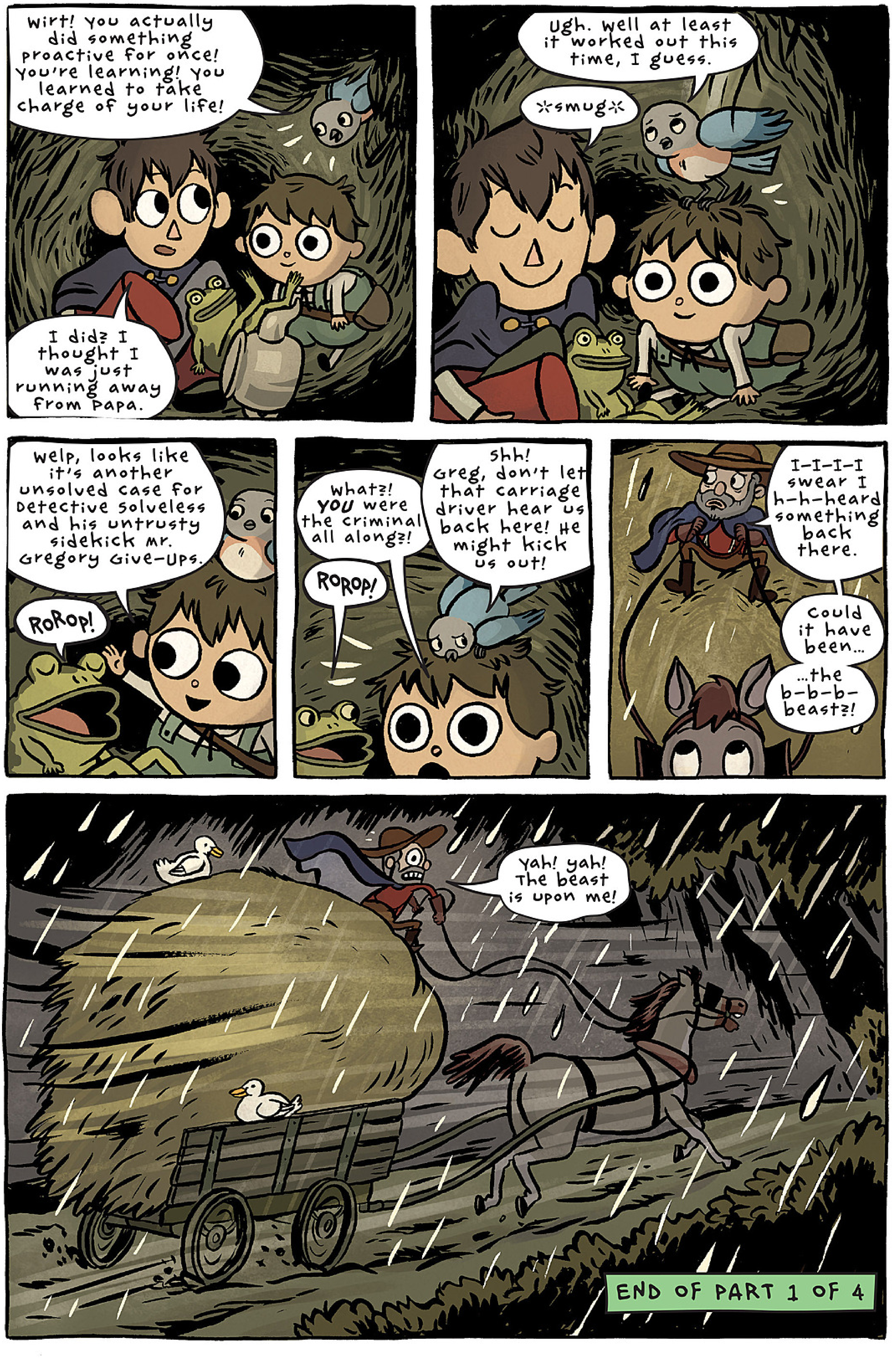

Throw our dog down the well.
Make it drown.
Look, I think I keep misunderstanding you guys and...wait, did you just tell me to "make it drown?"
I don't think there's any other way of interpreting that.
Yeah, there's absolutely no way I'm doing that.
PAAAAPPAAAAA!!!!
HARRUMPH! HARRAIGH! WHO IS MAKING MY CHILDREN CRY?

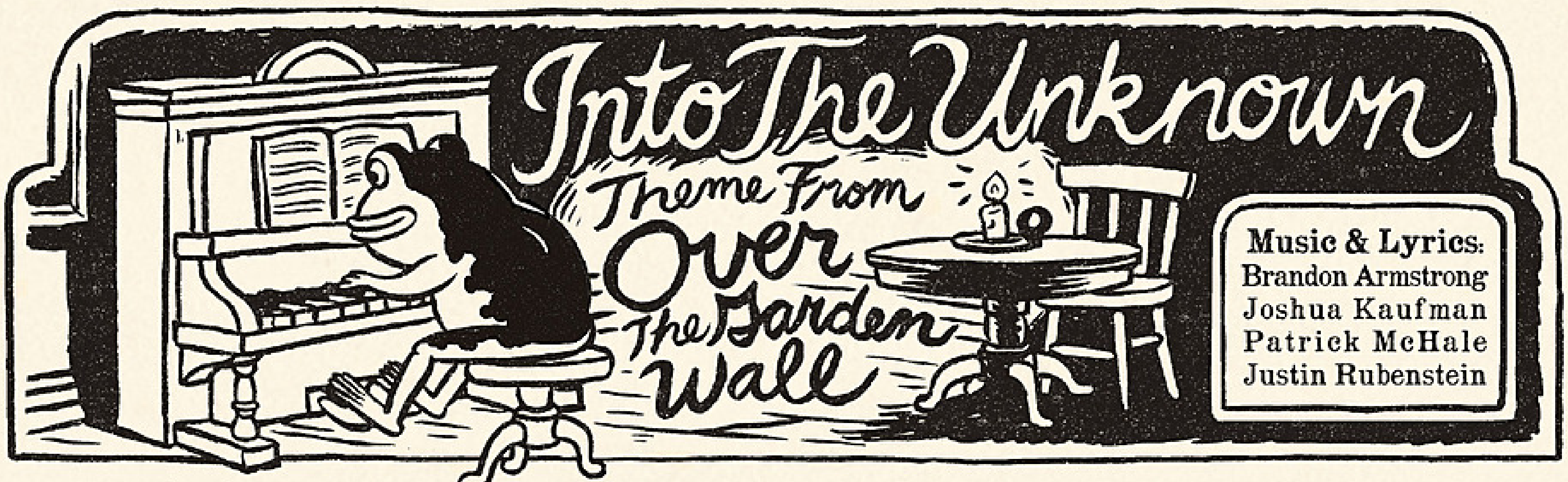

Oh Papa! This horrible boy has destroyed your beautiful garden, your fine Sunday linens, and your precious eggs!
And alas, now we simply can't do our chores today, Papa!
HARRUMPH! HARROH! WHY HAVE YOU COME AND WRONGED US SO?!
I don't know!
Because he's a coward!
Wirt was framed!
SOB SOB SOB


I'm sorry! Let me...let me make it up to you...
BOOOoo WAHOOOoo
I...
c'mon Wirt! Lets just go.
Do you want me to throw your dog down the well!?
Don't do that! Why would you do that?!


WIRT!
You're just making it worse! c'mon!


Papa, I think he's leaving!
But we still can't do any chores today, Papa. It's much too flooded.
Geez, I'm a terrible person! How could I do all those terrible things?
Wirt, seriously? They were just using you to get out of doing chores. They'll be fine. You're not a terrible person, just an incompetent stooge.
CLIP CLOP CLIP-CLOP CLIP-CLOP
Like I keep telling you, you gotta start grabbing life by the horns and--
Carriage!
CLOP CLIP CLOP
FUNF!

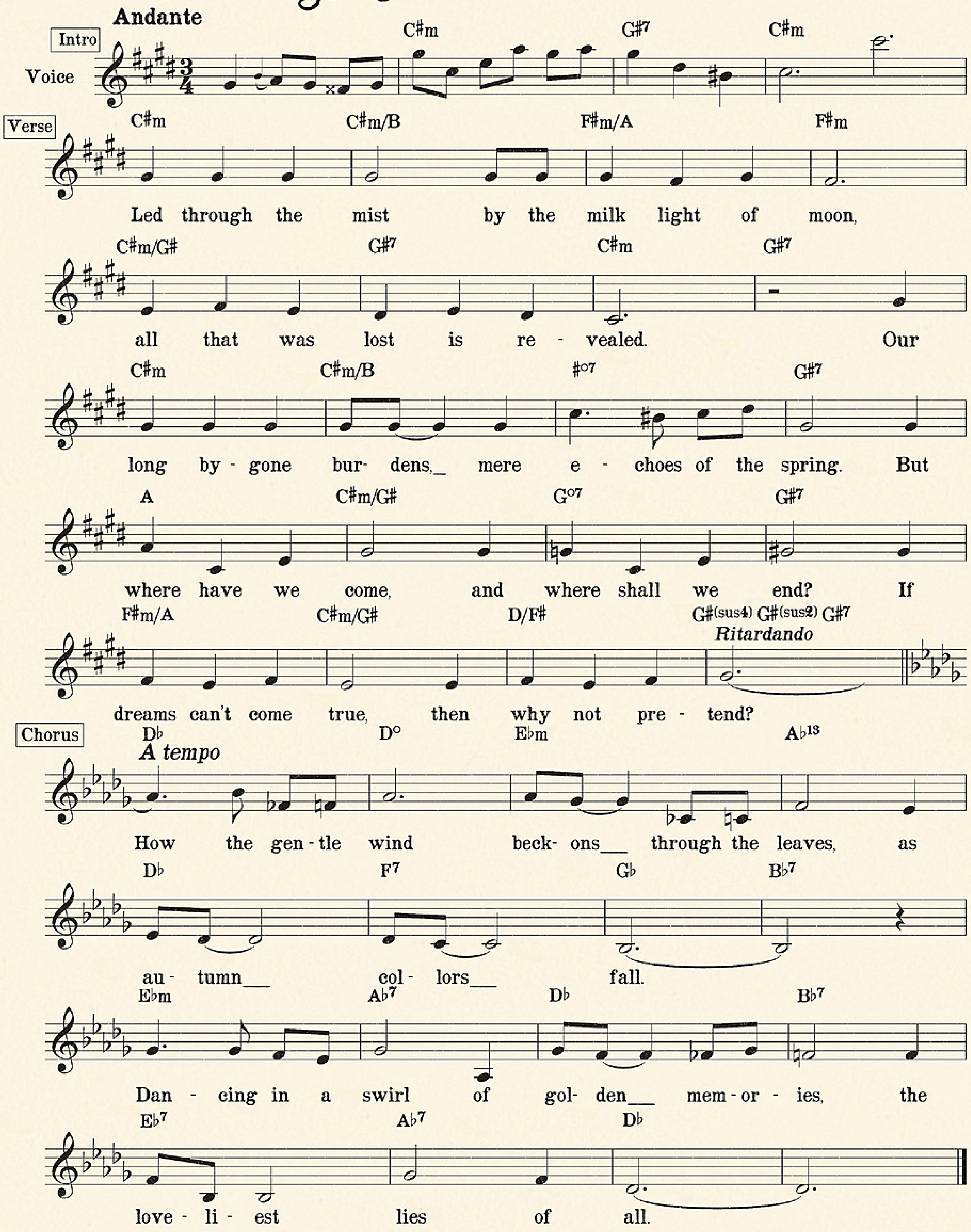

Wirt! You actually did something proactive for once! You're learning! You learned to take charge of your life!
I did? I thought I was just running away from Papa.
Ugh. Well at least it worked out this time, I guess.
smug
Welp, looks like it's another unsolved case for Detective Solveless and his untrusty sidekick Mr. Gregory Give-Ups.
ROROP!
What? YOU were the criminal all along?!
ROROP!
Shh! Greg, don't let that carriage driver hear us back here! He might kick us out!
I-I-I-I swear I h-h-heard something back there.
Could it have been...
...the b-b-b-beast?!
Yah! Yah! The beast is upon me!
END OF PART 1 OF 4



Into The Unknown

Theme From Over The Garden Wall

Music & Lyrics:
Brandon Armstrong
Joshua Kaufman
Patrick McHale
Justin Rubenstein


Andante
Intro
Voice
C♯m G♯7 C♯m
Verse
C♯m C♯m/B F♯m/A F♯m
Led through the mist by the milk light of moon,
C♯m/G♯ G♯7 C♯m G♯7
all that was lost is re - vealed. Our
C♯m C♯m/B ♯o7 G♯7
long by - gone bur- dens,_ mere e - choes of the spring. But
A C♯m/G♯ G°7 G♯7
where have we come, and where shall we end? If
F♯m/A C♯m/G♯ D/F♯ G♯(sus4) G♯(sus2) G♯7
Ritardando
dreams can't come true, then why not pre - tend?
Chorus
D♭ D° E♭m A♭13
A tempo
How the gen - tle wind beck- ons__ through the leaves, as
D♭ F7 G♭ B♭7
au - tumn__ col - lors__ fall.
E♭m A♭7 D♭ B♭7
Dan - cing in a swirl of gol- den__ mem - or - ies, the
E♭7 A♭7 D♭
love - li - est lies of all.

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